

THE
L I F E
O F
King HENRY V.

As it is acted at the
Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*,
and *Covent Garden*.

Written by SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

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P R O L O G U E.

O For a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels
Least in like bounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employments. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vasty field of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very caskes
That did affright the Air at Agincourt?
O pardon, since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whose high up-reared, and abutting fronts
The perillous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i'th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour glass; for the which supply
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

Dram. Perf. at Covent Garden. 1768.

King Henry the Fifth, Mr. Smith.

Duke of Gloucester,

Duke of Bedford,

Duke of Clarence,

} *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York,

Duke of Exeter,

} *Uncles to the King.*
Mr. Hull.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Westmoreland.

Earl of Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Gardner.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,

Lord Scroop,

Sir Thomas Grey,

Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Gower, Mr. Du-Bellamy.

Fluellen, Mr. Shuter.

Mackmorris, Mr. Fox.

Jamy, Mr. Dunstall.

Nym.

Bardolph, Mr. Morgan.

Pistol, Mr. Hamilton.

Boy.

Bates,

Court,

Williams,

} *Soldiers.*
Mr. Barrington.

Charles King of France, Mr. Gibson.

The Dauphin, Mr. Davis.

Duke of Burgundy, Mr. Perry.

Constable, Mr. Clarke.

Orleans,

Rambures,

Bourbon,

Grandpree,

} *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

Mountjoy, a Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France, Mrs. Vincent.

Catharine, Daughter to the King of France, Mrs. Mattocks.

Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Catharine.

Hostess, Mrs. Pitt.

Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with other Attendants.

*The Scene at the Beginning of the Play lies in England,
but afterwards wholly in France.*

The



The LIFE of
King *HENRY* V.

ACT I. SCENE I.
L O N D O N.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

MY lord, I tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th'elevnth year o'th'last King's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us past,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did put it out of farther Question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on: if it pass against us,
We lose the better part of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:

A 4

And

And to relief of lazars and weak age
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supply'd ;
And to the coffers of the King beside
A thousand pounds by th'year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention ?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not ;
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness mortify'd in him
Seem'd to die too ; yea at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
T' invelope and contain celestial spirits
Never was such a sudden scholar made :
Never came a reformation in a flood
With such a heady current, scow'ring faults :
Nor ever *Hydra* headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this King.

Ely We're blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in musick.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
T'o steal his sweet and honied-sentences :
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the Mistress to his theorick.

Which

King HENRY V.

Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addition was to court so vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which no doubt
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? doth his Majesty
Incline to it or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent:
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th'exhibitors against us
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty:
Save that there was not time to hear,
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done)
The several and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain Dukedoms,
And generally to the crown of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience ; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock ?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy :
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the *Frenchman* speaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmoreland, and Exeter.*

K. Henry. Where is my gracious lord of *Canterbury* ?
Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my Liege ?

K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin ; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

K. Henry. Sure we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or should, or should not bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn your Person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war :
We charge you in the name of God take heed.

For

For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
 Are ev'ry one a woe, a sore complaint
 'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief Mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak my Lord ;
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak, is in your conscience washt,
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
 That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
 To this imperial Throne. There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to *France*,
 But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
No woman shall succeed in Salike land :
 Which *Salike* land the *French* unjustly gloze
 To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
 The founder of this law, and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
 That the land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
 Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve* :
 Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
 There left behind and settled certain *French* :
 Who holding in disdain the *German* women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish't then this law ; to wit, no female
 Should be inheretrix in *Salike* land :
 Which *Salike* as I said, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
 Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meisen*.
 Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
 Was not devised for the realm of *France*.
 Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
 (Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,)
 Who died within the year of our Redemption
 Four hundred twenty six ; and *Charles* the Great
 Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did seat the *French*
 Beyond the river *Sala*, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerick*,
 Did as their general, (being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
 Make claim and title to the crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorraine*, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of *Charles* the Great;
 To fine his title with some shews of truth,
 (Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught)
 Convey'd himself as heir to th' lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the son
 To *Lewis* th' Emperor, which was the son
 Of *Charles* the Great. Also King *Lewis* the Ninth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper *Capet*,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience
 Wearing the crown of *France*, till satisfy'd
 That fair Queen *Isabel* his grandmother
 Was lineal of the lady *Ermengere*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorraine*:
 By the which match the line of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-united to the crown of *France*.
 So that as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
 King *Lewis* his possession, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the Kings of *France* until this day.
 Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than openly embrace their crooked titles.
 Usurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. *Henry*. May I with right and conscience make this
 claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign:
 For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 Look back into your mighty ancestors;

Go,

Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle *Edward* the Black Prince,
 Who on the *French* ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France*:
 While his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of *French* nobility.
 O noble *English*, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pow'r of *France*.
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats!
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice puissant Liege
 Is in the very *May* morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth!
 Do all expect that you should rouze yourself,
 As did the former Lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and means,
 and might;

So hath your highness, never King of *England*,
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
 And lie pavillion'd in the field of *France*.

Cant. O let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
 With blood and sword and fire to win your right:
 In aid whereof we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Henry. We must not only arm t'invade the *French*,
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those Marches
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend

Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Henry, We do not mean the courting snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us :
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurnisht kingdom
Came pouring like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brimfulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;
That *England* being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my Liege ;

For hear her but exempl'd by my self,
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of *Scots* ; whom she did send to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with prisoner kings ;
And make his chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ouzy bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck, and sumless treasures.

Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win
Then with Scotland first begin.

For if once the Eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the Weazel *Scot*,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tear and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity ;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad :
Th' advised head defends itself at home :

For

For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like musick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion :
To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
Obedience ; for so work the honey Bees ;
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King and officers of forts,
Where some like magistrates correct at home :
Others like merchants venture trade abroad :
Others, like soldiers armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds :
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing mason building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate :
The sad-ey'd justice with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously :
As many arrows loosed several ways
Come to one mark : as many ways meet in one town,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's center ;
So may a thousand actions once a foot
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
Divide your happy *England* into four.
Whereof take you one quarter into *France*.
And you withal shall make all *Gallia* shake :
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

Let

Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the *Dauphin*—
Now are we well resolv'd and by God's help
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er *France* and all her almost kingly Dukedoms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tomblefs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like *Turkish* mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Nor worshipt with a waxen epitaph.

SCENE III.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin *Dauphin*; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The *Dauphin's* meaning and our embassy.

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a christian King,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the *Dauphin's* mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.
Your highness lately sending into *France*,
Did claim some certain Dukedoms in the right
Of your great predecessor, *Edward* the Third.
In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
Says that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: there's nought in *France*
That can be with a nimble galliard won;

You

You annot revel into Dukedoms there :
 He therefore sends you (meeter for your spirit)
 This tun of treasure ; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* speaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle ?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. Henry. We're glad the *Dauphin* is so pleasant with us.
 His present and your pains we thank you for.
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
 Tell him h'ath made a match with such a wrangler,
 That all the courts of *France* will be disturb'd
 With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valu'd this poor seat of *England*,
 And therefore living hence, did give our self
 To barb'rous licence ; as 'tis ever common,
 That men are merriest when they are from home ;
 But tell the *Dauphin* I will keep my state,
 Fe like a King, and shew my sail of greatness,
 When I do rouze me in my throne of *France*.
 For that I have laid by my Majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working days ;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of *France*,
 Yea strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wastful vengeance
 That shall fly with them : many thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down :
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the *Dauphin's* scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
 Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on

To

To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace, and tell the *Dauphin*
 His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well,
 [Exeunt Ambassadors.]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it :
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
 That may give furth'rance to our expedition ;
 For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
 Save those to God that run before our business.
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings : for God before,
 We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Corporal Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. WELL met, Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*.

Bard. What, are ancient *Pistol* and you friends yet ?

Nim. For my part I care not. I say little ; but when
 time shall serve there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out
 mine iron ; it is a simple one, but what though ? it will
 toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's
 sword will ; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends,
 and we'll be all three sworn brothers to *France* : let it be
 so, good corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Faith I will live so long as I may, that's the
 certain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will
 do as I may : that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may ; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges : it must be as it may ; though patience be a tir'd name, yet she will plod ; there must be conclusions ; well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient *Pistol* and his wife ; good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host *Pistol* ?

Pist. Base tyke, call'st thou me host ? now by this hand, I swear I scorn the term, nor shall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No by my troth, not long ; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. O welliday lady, if he be not hewn now, we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pish.

Pist. Pish for thee, *Island Dog* ; thou prick ear'd cur of *Island*.

Quick. Good corporal *Nim*, shew thy valour and put up thy sword.

Nim. Will you shog off ? I would have you *solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog ! O viper vile ;
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea in thy maw perdy ;
And which is worse within thy nasty mouth.
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels ;
For I can take, and *Pistol's* cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbafon*, you cannot conjure me : I have an humour to knock you indifferently well ; if you
grow

grow foul with me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you wou'd walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The grave doth gape and groaning death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are more tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe a Gorge*, that is the word. I defy thee again.
O hound of *Creet*, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spittle go.

And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Cressid*'s kind,
Dol Tear-sheet, she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
For th'only she; and *pauca*, there's enough, go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host, *Pistol*, you must come to my master, and your hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of these days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [Exit Quick.]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? we must to *France* together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nim.

Nim That now I will have : that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound, push home. [*Draws.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
I'll kill him ; by this sword, I will,

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, an thou wilt not be friends, be
friends ; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me
too ; pr'ythee put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* shall live by me.
Is not this just ? for I shall suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I shall have my noble ?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly
to Sir *John* : Ah, poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burn-
ing quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight,
that's the even of it.

Pist. *Nim*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is frac-
ted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as it
may ; he passes some humours and carreers.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight ; for, lambkins ! we
will live. [*Exeunt.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

SOUTH-HAMPTON.

Enter Chorus.

NOW all the youth of *England* are on fire,
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
 Following the mirrour of all christian Kings,
 With winged heels, as *English Mercuries*.
 For now sits expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
 The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the *English* purposes.
 O *England* ! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart ;
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do.
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see thy fault *France* hath in thee found out,
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,
 One *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge* ; and the second
Henry lord *Scrip* of *Masbam* ; and the third
Sir Thomas Grey, Knight of *Northumberland*,
 Have for the guilt of *France* (O guilt indeed)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful *France*.
 And by their hands this grace of Kings must die,

If

If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for *France*. Then in *Southampton*
 Linger your patience on, and well digest
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The King is set from *London*, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to *Southampton* :
 There is the play-house now, there must you sit,
 And thence to *France* shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back : charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass ; for if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But till the King come forth, and not till then,
 Unto *Southampton* do we shift our scene.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by am by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
 As if allegiance in their bosoms fate,
 Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
 By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay but the man that was his bed-fellow,
 Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours :
 That he should for a foreign purse so sell
 His Sovereign's life to death and treachery.

[Trumpets sound.]

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, and Grey.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
 My lord of *Cambridge*, and my lord of *Masbam*,
 And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts :
 Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us
 Will cut their passage through the force of *France* ?
 Doing the execution and the act
 For which we have in head assembled them ?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege ; if each man do his best.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours :
And leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majesty ; there's not a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True ; those that were your father's enemies
Have slept their gauls in honey, and observe you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thank-
fulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd Sovereign, lest example
Breed by his suffrance more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults proceeding on distemper
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us ? we'll enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop* and *Grey* in their dear care
And

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. Now to our *French* causes;
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord.

Your highness bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liège.

Grey, And I, my Sovereign.

K. Henry. Then *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge* there is
yours :

There yours, lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*; and Sir Knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this fame is yours;
Read them, and know I know your worthiness,
My lord of *Westmoreland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, Gentlemen?
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? look ye how they change?
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance;

Cam. I confess my fault,

And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn upon your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you my Princes and my noble-Peers,
These *English* monsters! my lord *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight no less for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

B

That

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
 May it be possible that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stand off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yolk-devils sworn to either's purpose;
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not hoop at them.
 But thou 'gainst all proportion didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 And other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with forms of being fetcht
 From glist'ring semblances of piety:
 But he that temper'd thee bad thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty *Tartar* back,
 And tell the legions, I can never win
 A soul so easy as that *Englishman's*.
 Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?
 Why so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why so didst thou: seem they religious?
 Why so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, nor swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?

Such,

Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem.
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To make the full-fraught man, the best, endu'd,
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee.
 For this revolt of thine methink is like
 Another fall of man——Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the law,
 And God acquit them of their practices.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Lord Scroop of Masbam.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my fault more than my death ;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of *France* did not seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive
 The sooner to effect what I intended ;
 But God be thanked for prevention,
 Which I in suff'rance heartily rejoice for,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprize :
 My fault, but not my body, pardon Sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy ; hear your
 sentence ;

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;
 Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
 His Princes and his Peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,

Whose ruin you three fought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches to your death ;
 The taste whereof God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dire offences. Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
 Now, lords, for *France*, the enterprize whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not
 But every rub is smoothed in our way :
 Then forth dear countrymen ; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it strait in expedition.
 Chearly to sea the signs of war advance,
 No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Changes again to London.

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy and Hostess.

Host. **P**R'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring
 thee to *Staines*.

Pistol. No, for my manly heart doth yern.

Bardolph, be blith : *Nim,* rouze thy vaunting veins :
Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for *Falstaff* he is dead,
 And we must yern therefore.

Barn. Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, ei-
 ther in heaven or in hell.

Host. Nay, sure he's not in hell ; he's in *Arthur's* bo-
 som, if ever man went to *Arthur's* bosom. He made a
 finer end, and went away an it had been any christom
 child ; a parted even just between twelve and one, even
 at the turning o'th' tide : for after I saw him fumble
 with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon
 his finger's end, I knew there was but one way ; for his
 nose

nose was as sharp as a pen. How now, Sir *John*? quoth I: what man? be a good cheer: so a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thing of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone: then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cried out of sack.

Hof. Ay that a did.

Bard. And of women.

Hof. Nay that a did not.

Boy. Yes that he did, and said they were devils incarnate.

Hof. A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He said once the deule would have him about women,

Hof. He did in some sort indeed handle women; but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember he saw a flea stick upon *Bardolph's* nose, and said it was a black soul burning in hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall we shogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pis. Come, let's away. "My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let senses rule; the word is pitch and pay;
Trust none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold fast is the only dog, my Duck,

Therefore *Carveto* be thy counsel;

Go, clear thy crytals. Yoke fellows in arms

Let us to *France*, like Horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that's but unwholsome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nim. I cannot kifs, that is the humour of it ; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifry appear ; keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewel ; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to France.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. **T**HUS come the *English* with full power upon us,

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain*,

Of *Brabant*, and of *Orleans*, shall make forth,

And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all swift dispatch ;

To line and new repair our towns of war

With men of courage, and with means defendant :

For *England* his approaches make as fierce

As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us out of late examples,

Left by the fatal and neglected *English*

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :

For peace itself, should not so dull a Kingdom,

(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in question)

But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,

As were a war in expectation.

Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of *France* :

And let us do it with no shew of fear ;

No, with no more than if we heard that *England*

Were

Where busied with a *Whitson* morris-dance :
 For, my good Liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her scepter so fantastically born,
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin*, -
 You are too much mistaken in this King :
 Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution :
 And you shall find his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the out side of the *Roman Brutus*,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable.
 But tho' we think it so, it is no matter :
 In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
 Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king *Harry* strong :
 And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar-paths :
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When *Cressy* battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
 Of that black name, *Edward* the Prince of *Wales* :
 While that this mountain fire, on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by *French* fathers
 Had twen y years been made. This is a stem

Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry King of England*
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go and
bring them.

You see this chaste is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good, my Sovereign,
Take up the *English* short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

S C E N E V.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England* :

Exe. From him ; and thus he greets your Majesty :
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs : namely the crown,
And all the wide-stretch'd honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of *France*. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd ;
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative,
Willing you over-look his pedigree ;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third ; he bids you then resign

Your

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crow,
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempest he is coming,
In thunder and in earthquake like a *Jove* :
That if requiring fail, he may compell.
He bids you in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crowd, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws ; upon your head
Turning the widows tears, the orphans cries,
The dead mens blood, the pining maidens groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatning and my message ;
Unless the *Dauphin* be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us we will consider of this further ;
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England*.

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
I stand here for him ; what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King ; and if your father's highness
Do not in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty ;
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will ; for I desire
Nothing but odds with *England* ; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* shake for it.

Were it the mistress court of mighty *Europe* :
 And be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
 As we his subjects have in wonder found,
 Between the promise of his greener days
 And these he masters now ; now he weighs time
 Even to the utmost grain, which you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr. King. To-morrow you shall know our mind at full.

[*Flourish.*

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
 Come here himself to question our delay,
 For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions :

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
 To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

F R A N C E.

Enter Chorus.

THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well appointed King at *Dover* peer
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young *Phæbus* fanning,
 Play with your fancies : and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing,
 Here the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaden sails,
 Born with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think

You

You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on th'inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majesticall,
 Holding due course to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your *England*, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandfires, babies and old women,
 Or past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:
 For who is he whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice drawn cavaliers to *France*?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
 Suppose th'ambassador from *France* comes back,
 Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Katharine, his daughter, and with her to dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable Dukedom:
 The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
 With lynstock now the devilish cannon touches.

[Alarm and cannon go off.]

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester,
 with scaling-ladders as before Harfleur.*

K. Henry. **O**NCE more unto the breach, dear friends,
 once more;
 Or close the wall up with our *English* dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,

Like the brass cannon let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'er-hang and jutting his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wastful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. Now on, you noblest *English*,
 Whose blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in *England*, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;
 I see you stand like Greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot:
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry, England*, and *St. George*,
 [Alarm, and cannon go off.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. O N, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.
Nim. Pray thee, corporal, stay, the knocks
 are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case
 of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very
 plain song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just: for humours do
 abound:

Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield, in bloody field, doth win immor-
 tal fame.

Boy.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an Ale-house in London,
> would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail,
I wou'd not flay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cul-
lions.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good-bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck.

Nim. These be good humours; your honour wins bad
humours. *[Exeunt.]*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three
swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they
three, though they would serve me, could not be man
to me; for indeed three such antiques do not amount to
a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white liver'd and red fac'd,
by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not.
For *Pistol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword;
by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps
whole weapons. For *Nim*, he hath heard that men of
few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to
say his prayers, lest he shou'd be thought a coward; but
his few bad words are match'd with a few good deeds,
for he never broke any man's head but his own, and
that was against a post when he was drunk. They will
steal any thing and call it purchase. *Bardolph* stole a
lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three
half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworn brothers in
filching: and in *Calais* they stole a fire shovel. I knew
by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.
They would have me as familiar with mens pockets as
their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much
against my manhood; for if I would take from another's
pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketing up of
wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better ser-
vice, their villany goes against my weak stomach, and
therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit Boys.]

Enter

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the mines; Duke of *Gloucester* would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines; for look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines: by *Cheshu*, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester* to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irishman*, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain *Mackmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Cheshu* he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true discipline of the wars, look you of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, and Capt. Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* captain, captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheshu* he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say gudday, captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worship, good captain *James*.

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Maok. By *Chrish* law tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I wou'd have blowed up the town, so
Chrish

Christ save me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand tish ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I beseech you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It shall be very gud, gud feith, gud captens bath, and I shall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the town is beseech'd; and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Christ do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, so Christ sa' me law.

Jamy. By the mefs, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber ayle do good service, or aile ligge i'th ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valourously as I may, that shall I surely do, the brief and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mack. Of my nation? what is my nation? is a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? what is my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain *Mackmorris*, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as your self both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack

Mack. I do not know you so good a man as myself, so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more petter opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war, and there's an end. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter King Henry, and his train before the gates.

K. Henry. **H**OW yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is latest parle we will admit :

Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,

Or like to men proud of destruction

Defie us to our worst ; as I'm a soldier,

(A name that in my thoughts becomes me best)

If I begin the batt'ry once again,

I will not leave the half atchiev'd *Harfleur*,

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up :

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range

With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,

Do with his smircht complexion all fell seats,

Enlinkt to waste and desolation ?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing violation ?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,

When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As

As send our precepts to th' *Lewiathan*
 To come a-shore. Therefore you men of *Harfleur*,
 Take pity of your town and of your people,
 While yet my soldiers are in my command,
 While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
 If not; why in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
 At *Herod's* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The *Dauphin*, of whom succours we entreated,
 Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:
 Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates: come uncle *Exeter*,
 Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the *French*:
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
 To-night in *Harfleur* we will be your guest,
 To-morrow for the march we are address.

[Flourish, and enter the town]

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Enter Katharine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. **A**LICE, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien le language.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie de m' enseigner, il faut que j' apprenne a parler, Comment appellé vous la main en Anglois ?

Alice. La main, il est appellé, de hand.

Kath. De hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Kath. Le doyt, ma foy je oublie le doyt, mais je me souviendra le doyt, je pense qu'ils ont appellé des fingres, ouy de fingres.

Alice. Le main, de hand ; le doit les fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier.

Kath. J' ay gagné deux mots d' Anglois wistement ; comment appellé vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.

Kath. De nayles. Escoutez : dites moy, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nayles.

Alice. C' est bien dit madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. Da arme, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. D' elbow.

Kath. D' elbow : je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m' aviz apprins des a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excuse moy, Alice, escoute, d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, de bilbow.

Alice. D' elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie d' elbow ; comment appellé vous le col ?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck ; & le manton ?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De fin ; le col, de neck : le manton, de fin.

Alice.

Alice. Ouy. Sans vostre honneur en verité vous pronon-
cies les mots aussi droict, que le natifs d' Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne dote point d' apprendre par le grace de Dieu,
& en peu de temps.

Alice. N' avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay
enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray á vous promptement, d' hand, de
fingre de nayles, madame.

Alice. De nayles, madame.

Kath. De nayles, de arme, de elbow.

Alice. Sauf-vostre honneur d' elbow.

Kath. Ainsi de-je d' elbow, de neck, de fin, comment ap-
pellé vous les pieds & de robe.

Alice. Le foot, madame, & le coun.

Kath. Le foot & le coun : O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont des
mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les
dames d' honneur d' user : je ne voudrois prononcer cets mots
devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde ! il faut
le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray un autrefois
ma leçon ensemble, d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme,
d' elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame.

Kath. C' est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Britain,
the Constable of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'TIS certain he hath pass'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal,
my lord,

Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ? shall a few sprays of us,
(The emptying of our father's luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and savage stock,
Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters ?

Brit.

Brit. Normans, but bastard *Normans*, *Norman* bastards.
Mort de ma vie, if thus they march along
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my Dukedom,
 To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
 In that short, nooky Isle of *Albion*.

Con. Dieu de Batailles! why whence have they this
 mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
 On whom, as in despite, the Sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns? can sodden water,
 A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley-broth,
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 And shall our quick blood spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty? Oh! for honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like frozen Ificles
 Upon our house-tops, while more frosty people
 Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
 Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dan. By faith and honour,
 Our maidens mock at us, and plainly say
 Our mettle is bred out: and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of *English* youth
 To new-store *France* with bastard warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the *English* dancing-schools,
 And teach *Lavolta's* high and swift *Curranto's*:
 Saying our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is *Mountjoy* the herald? speed him
 hence,
 Let him greet *England* with our sharp defiance.
 Up Princes, and with spirit of honour edg'd
 Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of *France*;
 You Dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanfon, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouffie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestraile*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloys*,
 High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Knights:
 For your great seats now quit you of great shames:

Bar

Bar Harry *England*, that sweeps through our land
 With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur* :
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the vallies, whose low vassal seat
 The *Alps* doth spit and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
 And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famisht in their march :
 For I am sure when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for atchievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore Lord constable, haste on *Mountjoy*,
 And let him say to *England*, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth, Lord Constable, and princes all ;
 And quickly bring us word of *England's* fall. [*Exeunt*,

S C E N E VII.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. **H**OW now, Captain *Fluellen*, come you from
 the bridge ?

Flu. I assure you there is very excellent services com-
 mitted at the pridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe ?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my soul,
 and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living,
 and my uttermost power. He is not, God be praised
 and plessed, any hurt in the world ; he is maintain the
 pridge most valiantly with excellent discipline. There
 is an Ancient lieutenant there, I think in my very con-
 science he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is

a man

a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do gallant services.

Gower. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Pistol*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours :
The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a soldier firm and sound of heart
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That Goddess blind that stands upon the rolling restless
stone——

Flu. By your patience, Ancient *Pistol* : Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind ; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations ; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rowles and rowles and rowles ; in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it : fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on him ;
For he hath stoln a *Pix*, and hanged must a be ; damned death !

Let gallows gade for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate ;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death
For *Pix* of little price. Therefore go speak,
The Duke will hear thy voice ;

And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach
Speak captain for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu.

Flu. Certainly Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at ; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure and put him to executions, for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be-damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of *Spain*——

[*Exit Pist.*]

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why this is an arrant counterfeit rascal, I remember him now ; a baud, a cut purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day : but it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into *London*, under the form of a soldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done ; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on : and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-turn'd oaths : and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid sute of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on ! but you must learn to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower* ; I do perceive he is not the man he would gladly make shew to the world he is ; if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind ; hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor soldiers.

Flu. GOD pless your Majesty.

K. Henry. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry th'athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is inforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is master of the pridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great; marry for my part I think the Duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the man, his face is all bubukles and wheelks and knobs, and flames of fire, and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have such offenders so cut off,
And give exprefs charge that in all our march
There shall be nothing taken from the villages
But shall be paid for, and no *French* upbraided
Or yet abused in disdainful language:
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. Henry. Well then I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount.

Mount. Thus says my King : say thou to *Harry England*,
 Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep :
 Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
 Tell him we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him,
 But that we thought not good to bruise an injury
 Till it were ripe. Now speak we on our cue,
 With voice imperial : *England* shall repent
 His folly, his weakness, and admire
 Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider
 What must the ransom be, which must proportion
 The losses we have borne, the subjects we
 Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested ;
 To answer which, his pettiness would bow under.
 First for our loss, too poor is his Exchequer ;
 For the effusion of our blood, his army
 Too faint a number ; and for our disgrace,
 Ev'n his own person kneeling at our feet
 A weak and worthless satisfaction.
 To this defiance add ; and for conclusion,
 Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
 Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
 My king and master ; and so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name ? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. Henry. Thou do'st thy office fairly. 'Turn thee back
 And tell thy King I do not seek him now,
 But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
 Without impeachment ; for to say the sooth,
 (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have,
 Almost no better than so many *French* ;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of *English* legs
 Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus ; this your air of *France*
 Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go therefore tell thy master here I am ;

My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
 My army but a weak and sickly guard:
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though *France* himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*.
 Go bid thy master well advise himself;
 If we may pass, we will: if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour; and so, *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this;
 We would not seek a battle as we are,
 Yet as we are, we say we will not shun it:
 So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*]

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs:
 March to the bridge, it now draws toward night,
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

*Enter the Constable of France, the lord Rambures, Orleans,
 and a Messenger.*

Mess. MY Lord high Constable, the *English* lie within
 fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The lord *Grandpree*.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it
 were day! Alas poor *Harry of England*, he longs not for
 the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King
 of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far
 out of his knowledge?

Con. If the *English* had any apprehension, they would
 run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intel-
 lectual

lectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant creatures ; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs that run winking into the mouth of a *Russian* Bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant Flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a Lion.

Con. Just, just ; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay ; but these *English* are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now it is time to arm ; come, shall we about it ?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock ; but (let me see) by ten We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [Exeunt.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

AGINCOURT.

Enter Chorus.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur and the poring dark
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixt centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other'sumber'd face.

C 2

Steed

Steed threaten's fleed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
 And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and overlusty *French*
 Do the low-rated *English* play at dice;
 And chide the cripp'e-tardy gated night,
 Who like a foul and ugly witch does limp
 So tediously. The poor condemned *English*,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger: and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coat
 Presented them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
 Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrouned him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night;
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
 With chearful semblance and sweet majesty:
 That ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal like the sun
 His lib'ral eye doth give to every one;
 Thawing cold fear; that mean and gentle all
 Behold, (as may unworthiness define)
 A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly:
 Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace,

With

With four five most vile and ragged foils
 (Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous)
 The name of *Agincourt*. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter King Henry, Bedford and Gloucester.

K. Henry. **G**loucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger
 The greater therefore should our courage be
 Good-morrow brother *Bedford*: God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad neighbour make us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of *France*.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, now lie I like a King.

K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their present pain
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh celerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas*, brothers both,
 Commend me to the Princes in our camp:
 Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

C 3

K. Henry.

K. Henry. No, my good knight.
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England*:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble *Harry*.
[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. God a-mercy old heart, thou speak'st
cheerful.

S C E N E III.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Henry. Ev'n so; what are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a *Cornish* name: art thou of *Cornish*
crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welshman*.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon St. *David's* day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap
that day; lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then,

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd.

[Exit.

K. Henry. It sorts well with your fierceness.

[Manet King Henry.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captain Fluellen.

Flu. So: in the name of Jesu Christ speak fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the universal orld, when the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in *Pompey's* camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobrieties of it, and the modesty of it to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience now?

Gower. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[Exeunt.

K. Henry. Tho' it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this *Welshman*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

C 4

K. Henry.

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you ?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman : I pray you what thinks he of our estate ?

K. Henry. Even as men wrëck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King !

K. Henry. No ; nor is it meet he should : for tho' I speak it to you I thing the King is but a man as I am ; the Voilet smells to him as it doth to me ; the element shews to him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing ; therefore when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears out of doubt be of the same relish as ours are ; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will : but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth I will speak my conscience of the King ; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor mens lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone ; howsoever you speak this to feel other mens minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company ; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects ; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads chop'd off in a battle shall join together at the latter day; and cry all, *We dy'd at such a place*; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am as fear'd there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? now if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So if a son that is sent by his father about merchandize, do fall into some lewd action and miscarry, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation; but this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they crave their services. Besides, there is no King, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of sword, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder: some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance! so that here men are punished for former breach of the King's laws in the king's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before

fore guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage : or not dying, the time was well spent wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight chearfully : but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then ; that's a perilous shot out of an Elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch ! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's feather : you'll never trust his word after ! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again ?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet : then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove ; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap ; if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, this is my glove ; by this hand I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *English* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

S C E N E V.

K. Henry. Indeed the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no *English* treason to cut *French* crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives, our children and

Our sins, lay on the King; he must bear all.

O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,

Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense

No more can feel but his own wringing.

What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,

That private men enjoy? and what have Kings

That privates have not too, save ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:

What! is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou ought else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
 Thou play'st so subtly with a King's repose,
 I am a King that find thee; and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farfed title running 'fore the King,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly, as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell:
 But like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of *Phæbus*; and all night
 Sleeps in *Elysium*; next day after dawn
 Doth rise, and help *Hyperion* to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight
 Collect them all together at my tent:
 I'll be before thee.

Erp.

Erp. I shall do it, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers hearts,
Possess them not with fear : take from them now
The sense of reck'ning of th' opposed numbers
Which stand before them Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown ;
I *Richard's* body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood :
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for *Richard's* soul. More will I do ;
Tho' all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My Liege.

K. Henry. My brother *Glo'ster's* voice ?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee :
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures and Beaumont.

Orl. **T**HE sun doth gild our armour, up my lords.
Con. To horse you gallant Princes, strait to horse
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shells and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked cuttle-ax a stain,
That our *French* gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'Tis

'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, lords,
 That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants,
 Who in unnecessary action swarm
 About our squares of battle, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;
 Tho' we upon this mountain's basis by
 Took stand for idle speculation :
 But that our honours must not. What's to say
 A very little, little, let us do ;
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket sonuance, and the note to mount :
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That *England* shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of *France*?
 Yon Island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty bever peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, drooping the hide and hips :
 The gum down roping from their pale-dead eyes ;
 And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bit
 Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless ;
 And their executors the knavish crows
 Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot sute itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
 In life so liveless as it shews itself

Con. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh sutes,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guard : on to the field ;

I will

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
 The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all
 the Host, Salisbury and Westmoreland.*

Glou. **W**HERE is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view
 their battle.

W. B. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand

Ex. There's five to one, besides they are all fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.

If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n,

Then joyfully my noble lord of *Bedford*,

My dear lord *Glo'ster*, and my good lord *Exeter*,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with
 thee:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art made of the firm truth of valour.

Exe. Farewel, kind lord: fight valiantly to-day.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness,
 Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in *England*
 That do not work to-day.

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?
 My cousin *Westmoreland*? no, my fair cousin,
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee with not one man more.

By

By *Jove* I am not covetous of gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yerns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive:
 No faith, my lord, with not a man from *England*:
 God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more methinks would share from me,
 For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more:
 Rather proclaim it, *Westmoreland*, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of *Crispian*;
 He that out-lives this day and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouze him at the name of *Crispian*.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say to-morrow is Saint *Crispian*:
 Then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars:
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember with advantages
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words,
Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ster*,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd
 This story shall the good man teach his son:
 And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne'er go by
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered?
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed

Shall

Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. *Crispian's* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
The *French* are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*,
Cousin !

West. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle.

K. Hen. Why now thou hath unwisht five thousand men:
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places : God be with you all.

S C E N E IX.

A tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow ;
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Thus in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields ; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mount. The Constable of *France*.

K. Henry. I pray thee bear my former answer back.
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?
The man that once did sell the Lion's skin

While

While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
 And those that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
 Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in *France*.
 Mark then abounding valour in our *English*:
 That being dead, like to the bullets grasing,
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly; tell the Constable,
 We are but warriors for the working day;
 Our gayness and our guilt are all be-smirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our host;
 Good argument I hope we will not fly;
 And time hath worn us into slovenry.
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the *French* soldiers heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do,
 (As if please God they shall) my ransom then
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour,
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald,
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall leave them little, tell the Constable.

Moun. I shall, King *Harry*, and so fare thee well.
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.]

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave *York*, now soldiers march away.
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

Alarm, Excursions. Enter Pistol, French soldier and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bon qualite.*

Pist. Quality, calmy, custure me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O *Signeur Dieu!*

Pist. O *Signieur Dewe*, should be a gentleman: Perpend my words, O *Signieur Dewe*, and mark; O *Signieur Dewe*, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O *Signieur*, thou do give to me Engregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O *prenne misericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys; for I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat, in drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras!*

Pist. Brads, cur? thou damned and luxurious mountain Goat, offer'st me brads.

Fr. Sol. O *pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so: is that a ton of moys? Come hither, Boy, ask me this slave in *French*, What is his name.

Boy. *Escoute, comment estes vous appelle!*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Mr. *Fer*.

Pist. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him and ferk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk*.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit il, Monsieur.*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest, car ce soldat icy est dispose tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppelle gorge, parmafoy, pefant, unless
tho u

thou give me crowns, brave crowns, or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner, je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier : neantmoins pour les escus que vous l'apromettes, il est content de vous donner la liberté le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne milles remerciemens, & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier. je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimé Seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England*.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew,
Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [Exe. Pist. and Fr. Sol.]
I did never know so full a voice come from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'th' old play, every one may pare his nails with a wodden dagger: yet they are both hang'd, and so would this be if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys with the luggage of our camp, the *French* might have a good prey of us if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys.

[Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O *Diab!e!*

Orl. O *Signeur!* *le jour est perdu, toute est perdu.*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie,* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

[*A short alarm,*

O meschante fortune, do not run away.

Con. Why all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame, let's stab ourselves;
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his Ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame
The man that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than a dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now?
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the *Englisch* in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now, I'll to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XII.

Alarm. *Enter the King and his train, with prisoners.*

K. Henry. WELL have we done, thrice valiant
countrymen;

But all's not done, the *French* yet keep the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the spur all bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lies.

Suffolk first dy'd, and *York*, all 'aggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteep'd.
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, tarry, my cousin *Suffolk*,
My soul shall thine keep company to heav'n:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up;
He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe says, dear my lord,
Commend my service to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not;
For hearing this I must perforce compound
With mixful eyes, or they will issue too. [Alarm.
But hark, what new alarm is this same?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
Give the word through. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms ; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be desir'd in your conscience now, is it not ?

Gower. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals that ran away from the battle ha' done this slaughter : besides they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd ev'ry soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King !

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower* ; what call you the town's name where *Alexander* the pig was born ?

Gower. *Alexander* the Great ?

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great ? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn : I tell you captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you shall find in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth* that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is also a river at *Monmouth* : it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river ? but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is *Salmons* in both. If you mark *Alexander's* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations ; and also

also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales,
and his angers, look you, kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd
any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the
tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I
speak but in figures and comparisons of it; as *Alexander*
kill'd his friend *Clytus* being in his ales and his cups, so
also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits and his good
judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great-
pelly doublet; he was full of jests and gypes, and kna-
veries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gower. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you there is good men porn
at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

S C E N E XIV.

Alarm. Enter King Henry and Bourbon with priso-
ners, Lords and Attendants. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to *France*
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our fight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old *Assyrian* slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their herald?
know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st

Mount. No, great King :

I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them :
To sort our nobles from our common men ;
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood :
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength for it :
What is that castle call'd that stands hard by ?

Mount. They call it *Agin-court*.

K. Henry. Then call we this the field of *Agin-court*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your Majesty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack
Princee of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought
a most prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true : if your Majesties is
remember'd of it, the *Welchmen* did good service in a
garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their
Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour
is an honourable padge of the service; and I do believe
your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the Leek upon St.
Tawe's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour :
For I am *Welsh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot wash your Majesty's
D *Welsh*

Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : God pless and preserve it as long as it pleases his grace and his majesty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By *Jeshu*, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it : I will confess it to all the orld, I need not be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him, [*Exeunt Heralds with Mountjoy.*
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

S C E N E XV.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou thy glove in thy cap?

Wil. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Englishman*?

Wil. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night, who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear, if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your Majesty in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath : if he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and

and a jackfawce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Wil. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serv'st thou under?

Wil. Under captain Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Wil. I will, my Liege.

[Exit.

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap; when Alanfon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alanfon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him if thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honour as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself agriev'd at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee go seek him and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick and my brother Glo'ster,

Follow Fluellen, closely at the heels.

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o'th' ear.

It is the soldier's: I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good Cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word;

Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And touch'd with choler hot as gunpowder,

And quickly he'll return an injury.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter*.

S C E N E XVI.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Wil. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*]

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal orld, in *France*, or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir? you villain.

Wil. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name apprehend him, he's a Friend of the Duke of *Alanfon*'s.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of *Alanfon*.

Wil.

Wil. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggarly, lowly knave it is; I hope your Majesty is pear me testimonie, and witnesses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanson* that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, soldier; look here is the fellow of it: 'twas me indeed thou promised'st to strike, and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the orld.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Wil. All offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

K. Henry. It was our self thou didst abuse.

Wil. Your Majesty came not like yourself; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape. I beseech you take it for your fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your highness pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow,

And, wear it for an honour in thy cap,

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pody; hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will ; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes ; come, wherefore should you be so pashful : your shoes is not so good ; 'tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

S C E N E XVII.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Now, Herald, are the dead number'd ?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French*.

K. Henry. What prisoners of good sort are taken, Uncle ?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King ;
John Duke of *Bourbon*, and lord *Bouchiquart* :
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand *French*
Slain in the field ; of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty six ; added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights ;
So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries :
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lye dead :
Charles *Delabreth*, high constable of *France* ;
Jaques of *Chatilion*, admiral of *France* ;
The master of the cross-bows, lord *Rambures* ;
Great master of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard* *Dauphin* ;
John Duke of *Alanson*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*,
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy* :
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar* : Of lusty Earls,
Grandpre and *Rouffie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*.
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudement* and *Lefrale*.
Here was a royal fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our *Eng'ish* dead ?

Exe.

Exe. Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, David Gam, Esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th'other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and please your Majesty, to
tell how many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledge-
ment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te deum*;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
And then to *Calais* and to *England* then,
When ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men:

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them; and to such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life

D 4

Be

Be here presented. Now we bear the King
 Tow'rd *Calais*: grant him there; and there being seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea: behold the *English* beach
 Pales in the floods with men, with wives and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep mouth'd sea,
 Which like a mighty whiffier fore the King
 Seems to prepare his way; so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to *London*.
 So swift a pace has thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon *Black-beath*:
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city; he forbids it;
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride:
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How *London* doth pour out her citizens,
 The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of antique *Rome*,
 With the *Plebeians* swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conquering *Cæsar* in.
 As by a low, but loving likelihood,
 Were now the General of our gracious Empress
 (As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword;
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.
 As yet the lamentation of the *French*
 Invites the King of *England*'s stay at home:
 The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
 To order peace between them; and omit
 All the occurrences, what ever chanc'd,
 Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France*:
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
 The int'rim, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
 After your thoughts, strait back again to *France*. [Exit.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

F R A N C E.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. **N**AY, that's right: but why wear you your Leek to-day? *St. David's* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lowfy, praggling knave, *Pistol*, which you and your self and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek; it was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why here he comes, swelling like a Turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his Turkey-cocks; God plesse you, aunchient *Pistol*; you scurvy lowfy knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha! art thou beldam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up *Parcas'* fatal web?

Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowfy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this Leek, because, look you, you do not love it, and your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions does not agree with it; I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]
Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base *Trojan* thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sawce for it——
[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite I pray you, it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes out of doubt and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek I will most horribly revenge; I eat and swear——

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more sawce, to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your proken coxcomb: when you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, Leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels, you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe with you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* cudgel; you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a *Welsh* correction teach you a good *English* condition: fare you well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth fortune play the housewife with me now? News have I that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*, And there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn, And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand, To *England* will I steal, and there I'll steal; And patches will I get unto these scars, And swear I got them in the *Gallia* wars. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, Princess Katharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. **P**EACE to this meeting, wherefore we are met:

Unto our brother *France*, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin *Katharine*;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you Duke of *Burgundy*.
And Princes *French* and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face.

Most worthy brother *England*, fairly met,
So are you Princes *English*, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting.
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the *French* that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks we fairly hope
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Henry. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both on equal love;
Great Kings of *France* and *England*. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightinesses on both parts can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from *France* too long been chac'd,
And all her husbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the culter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery,
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Wanting

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
 Even so our houses, and our selves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow like savages, (as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood)
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour
 You are assembled; and my speech intreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
 Which you have cited; you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands:
 Whose tenures and particular effects
 You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
 There is no answer made.

K. Henry. Well then; the peace
 Which you before so urg'd, lyes in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaseth your grace
 T' appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us, once more with better heed
 To re-survey them; we will suddenly
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
 And brother *Clarence*, and you brother *Glo'ster*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
 And take with you free Pow'r to ratify,
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,

Any

Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our cousin *Katharine* here with us,
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manent King Henry, Katharine and a Lady.

K. Henry. Fair *Katharine*, most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak
your *England*.

K. Henry. O fair *Katharine*, if you will love me
soundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear
you confess it brokenly with your *English* tongue. Do
you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is like me.

K. Henry. An Angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are
like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear *Katharine*, and I must not
blush to affirm it.

Kath. O *bon Dieu!* les langues des hommes sont pleines
de tromperies.

K. Henry. What says she, fair one? that tongues of
men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of
deceits: dat is de Princes.

K. Henry. The Princess is the better *English* Wo-
man. I faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy under-
standing: I am glad thou canst speak no better *Eng-
lish*,

Isb. for if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain King, that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say I love you; then if you urge me further than to say, do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, i'faith do, and so clap hands and a bargain; how say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verse, or to dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor measure: and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back? under the correction of bragging be it spoken. I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canst love a Fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth sun-burning; that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I speak plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes,
but

but keeps its course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me; take a soldier; take a King: and what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of *France*?

K. Henry. No, it is not possible that you should love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you should love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. Henry. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, (which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off) *quand j'ay le possession de France, & quand vous aves le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? *St. Dennis* be my speed) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more *French*: I shall never move thee in *French*, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre bonheur, le François que vous parlez, est milleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle*.

K. Henry. No faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy speaking of my tongue and I thine, must truly falsly, must needs be granted to be much at one. But *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much *English*, canst thou love me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know *Kate* you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, (as I have saving faith
within

within me, tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy half *French*, half *English*, that shall go to *Constantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of such a boy; and for my *English* moiety take the word of a King and a batchelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse*?

Kath. Your Majestee ave fause *Frenche* enough to deceive the most sage damoisel dat is *en France*.

K. Henry. Now fie upon my false *French*; by mine honour, in true *English* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created without a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair *Katharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empress, take me by the hand and say, *Harry of England* I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantaganet* is thine; who tho' I speak it before his face, if he be not not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy

thy *English* broken : therefore Queen of all, *Katharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *English*, wilt thou have me ?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *le Roy mon pere*.

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate* ; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laissez mon seigneur, laissez, laissez, ma foy : je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre indigne serviteure, excusez moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les dames & damoisels pour estre baisées devant leur nopces il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what says she ?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies of France* ; I cannot tell what is *baiser en English*.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Lady. Your Majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Henry. Is it not a fashion for the maids in *France* to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

Lady. *Ouy, varyement.*

K. Henry. O *Kate*, nice customs curtsy to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion ; we are the makers of manners, *Kate* ; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults ? as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss ; therefore patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate* ; there is more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the *French* council ; and they should sooner persuade *Harry of England* than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter the French King and Queen, with French and English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our Princess *English*?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *English*.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her, in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked seeing self? it were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consent to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomew-tide*, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the Flie your cousin in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is so; and you may some of you thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never enter'd.

K. Henry. Shall *Kate* be my wife.

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Henry. It's so, my lords of *England*?

West. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter first; and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majesty demands, That the King of *France* having occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this addition in *French*: *nostre tres cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*: and thus in *Latin*; *Præclarissimus filius nostre Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Yet this I have not, brother, so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood
raile up
Issue to me, that these contending Kingdoms,

England

England and France, whose very shoars look pale
 With envy of each other's happiness,
 May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
 Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
 In their sweet breasts, that never war advance
 His bleeding sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen.

K. Henry. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witness all,
 That here I kiss her as my Sovereign Queen.

[*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages
 Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
 As man and wife being two are one in love,
 So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
 That never may ill office, or fell jealousy
 Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
 Thurst in between the passion of these kingdoms,
 To make divorce of their incorporate league:
 That *English* may as *French*, *French Englishmen*,
 Receive each other. God speak this, Amen.

All. Amen.

K. Henry. Prepare we for our marriage; on which
 day,
 My lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
 And all the Peers, for surety of our leagues.
 Then shall I swear to *Kate*, and you to me,
 And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter C H O R U S.

Thus far with rough and all-unable pen
 Our bending author hath pursu'd the story
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
 Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
 This star of *England*. Fortune made his sword;

By

By which the world's best garden he atchiev'd.
 And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
 Of *France* and *England*, did this King succeed :
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost *France*, and made his *England* bleed :
 Which oft our stage hath shown : and for their sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

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